Dover, November 5th, 1796.

The first time I left England to go to college *I* sailed from this very pier as they were firing the guns for Guy Fawkes' plot; and I arrived here to-day as the same festival was celebrating. The guns reminded me of this coincidence of circum-stances. Is it not odd ? I am almost tempted to *sumere superbiam quczsitam mentis;* for I am half intoxicated with the dignity that attends me : letters by special messengers from the Secretary of State—collectors of customs in waiting—Danout's son-in-law, with Pat Hennesy's son, cringing and bowing for leave to accompany me, the mayor taking my orders, &c., &c. *Je commencerai a me croire ne pour les grandes aventures,* if my tooth does not ache, which every now and then takes me off my high horse.

I have brought a young man as secretary, who seems sensible, and likely to do well. Adieu; I do not believe I shall be able to write from Calais ; but if you do not hear of the *Princess Augusta* going to the bottom, you may conclude I

am safely landed in Tigerland. God bless you all;
you shall have a full account of Paris *renouvelle*
when I have seen it.